

mistakable language as uttered by her risen Lord. "All authority has been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo I am with you always even to the end of the age." Amen.

This foundation and this commission are more than "300 years old," and they shall remain unshaken and unchanged when years shall be no longer. Thank God, the gospel of light is penetrating the darkness of prejudice. This is manifest wherever the work of God is in progress. Notes from the great revival in Wales as taken from the London "Baptist" will be of interest in this connection "Baptism is now again much discussed and studied."

"Baptists have received more converts and additions during this revival than all the other denominations together." "Two Wesleyan preachers have been baptized recently." "Five thousand persons witnessed the baptism of fifty persons in the river Dee."

Notwithstanding opposition, prejudice and persecution the truth is spreading—the Baptists are growing. Latest tabulations give us a pretty large family—a family consisting of 60,331 Baptist churches; 41,588 ministers; 5,740,990 church members; 2,779,568 Sunday school scholars. Were the "disciples of Christ" in the United States which may pretty accurately be called American Baptists added, as is sometimes done in statistical tables there would be an increase of 11,157 churches; 9,657 ministers; and 1,235,798 members—making the aggregate very nearly 7,900,000 communicants. Multiply this by 3 and you will have about the numerical status of the Baptist constituency of the present time.

In this growing country our progress in view of our resources in men and money is not discouraging. We have now, in our Convention, 120 churches, with a membership of about 6,500. These churches include 17 German; 12 Scandinavian; 2 Russian; 1 Galician and one Indian. We have 85 houses of worship and more in course of construction. Counting the students who applied for fields during the summer we have about 100 pastors and missionaries. Here are facts that are certainly both inspiring and prophetic; inspiring because of what we see and know, and prophetic of what in the future we may expect by the grace of God.

In one of our German fields a few weeks ago, eighty-four converts were baptized in one day and many more will soon follow. May our increase in Spiritual power keep pace with our growth. Our little home church at Austin and its mission at Edrans in both of which some of your readers have a special interest are making steady progress. This field, like several others, is supplied from Brandon College. It is my privilege frequently to administer baptism there—the last occasion being two weeks ago, and now others are in waiting, among them a man of much promise and his talented young wife. The man has hitherto been a local preacher in another denomination. He has, however, made the discovery that the Baptist church is more than "300 years old" and that she has a "Divine foundation and commission," and he has decided henceforth to help us make this Divine commission known.

I fear my letter has grown too lengthy. I know I have rambled a lot but permit me to ramble a little more while I say that I would like to be permitted to attend the World's Baptist Congress in July, but I would rather attend the Maritime Convention and be given the joy of looking into the faces of the entertainers and the entertained in Charlottetown, or to attend the commencement exercises at Wolfville to say my amen to the tributes that shall be rendered in recognition of the services of the man whom the University and all her friends delight to honor.

No programme that you can prepare, my brethren, can over-estimate my own appreciation of the value of his services to the University, to the denomination and to the world at large or my admiration for his person as a Christian gentleman.

I must close by expressing the ardent wish that the rich displays of saving power being experienced in Wolfville may spread throughout the entire Convention constituency.

Hartney, Manitoba, May, 16, 1905.

P. S.—Pardon a personal word to our personal friends who are among your readers.

We are all in excellent health. May seems happy and prosperous in her own Ontario home; Muriel is at our Austin home enjoying a rest from teaching and study; Harold is completing his second year in the Civil Engineering course in Cornell University, having completed his second year in Arts in Manitoba University before going to Cornell; Roy will, next week (D. V.) be grappling with the papers that will test his preparation to matriculate into the Arts course of the University of Manitoba; and our eleven year old Halifax baby—Enid—is as strong as a Doukhobor and as lively as a prairie hare. D. G. M.

Christ's Care for the Fragments.

BY PROF. JOHN E. MCFADYEN, KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO

Like all great things, the gospel of Jesus is too large to imprison within the walls of definition; but if it is to be defined at all, it could not be defined more simply or justly

than as "care for the fragments." Everywhere throughout his ministry, everywhere throughout the Gospel, shines his interest in the broken things of life. They interested him, because they vexed him; and they vexed him because they were missing their high destiny. Fragments are failures, and it was the mission and the delight of the Divine Artist to gather them together and bind them into a complete and beautiful whole.

And so it would not be unjust to find the motto of the life of Jesus in the words he addressed to his disciples after the feeding of the five thousand—"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." These words, slight as they seem, so humble as was the sphere to which they were first applied, are as a window through which we may look into the gracious soul of Jesus. They are not random words; they are words that rose from the very bottom of his heart, revealing the depths of tenderness and the impulse of his entire ministry. Spoken first of fragments of bread they are symbolic of his consuming and undying interest in fragments of every kind—of time, of manhood, of every broken thing.

THE SCENE BY THE LAKE.

Very wonderful is this whole scene, and most wonderful of all is Jesus. The vast, hungry crowd is gathered in a spot, not far from the lakeside where there was much grass. Jesus faces the crowd; and here as everywhere, he is the Master. Gracious as he is, he is every inch a King. He speaks as one having authority, and at once the movement and confusion of the crowd change to order and beauty. They recline in companies upon the green grass, and with a true eye for the picturesque. Mark—or his informant—compares them as they lay, with the brilliant colors of their dresses showing up against the grass to flower-beds. It is a happy picture; a touching one too, when we think of the sore and troubled hearts that beat beneath many a colored robe. It is a blessed thing to see the poetry as well as the pathos of such a crowd.

But all was not over when the feast was done. The greatest thing was yet to come, and Jesus was yet to utter one of his most memorable words. There were broken pieces left, enough to satisfy other hungry men, and these must not be carelessly wasted. There were possibilities in the fragments which none saw but Jesus. The crowd had appeased its hunger and thought of nothing more, and it would seem that the disciples thought no more of the fragments than did the crowd. Nobody saw their value but Jesus; so, when the people were satisfied Jesus said to his disciples "Gather up the fragments—the broken pieces—that remain, that nothing be lost." One might have been tempted to marvel at what seems the almost too rigid economy of Jesus. Why so much interest in fragments of bread? How could they ever serve again? But the marvel dies away the moment we consider the reason, for though Jesus is always authoritative, he is always reasonable. "Gather up the fragments," he says, "in order that not a thing may perish." The word here is the same as that used of the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost son.

The world is full of fragments, and that must not be, says Jesus, let them be gathered up. All about us men and things are perishing; and that must not be says Jesus, let nothing perish. He is the true Son of God of whom it is said that he doth not wish that any should perish.

"That not a thing should perish"—it was of fragments of bread that Jesus spoke those earnest words; but they illumine not that incident alone, but the whole of his ministry from the baptism to the cross, and he wrote them literally on the pages of history with his heart's blood. Nothing vexed him so much as to see these things perishing; it was for their sake he came "The Son of Man;" he said speaking of himself, "came to seek and to save that which was lost"—and the word is the same as that here used for the fragments of bread.

To him the fragments were the most interesting things in all the world; and his command to his disciples was then, and is now, that they too should care for the fragments.

This care for the fragments has a hundred applications in the life of Jesus. The fragments of time to him were very precious, and he did not wish that any should perish. The day was long enough—for were there not twelve hours in it?—but it was not too long, and there were not too many in which to do his Father's business. Therefore, he gathered up its every fragment and filled it full of work or rest or prayer; for he never forgot that the night was coming when men work no more.

Beautiful, too, is the interest of Jesus in the ancient fragments of revelation. He knew that his Father had spoken to men in the olden time; and he treasured those fragments of psalm and wisdom and prophecy and gathered them together upon himself. He came not to destroy those relics of the past, but to fulfill, to complete, to illumine their fragmentary suggestions, that nothing might be lost.

BROKEN LIVES DEAR TO HIM.

But dearest of all to Jesus were the broken lives of men; and here if anywhere, was the passion of his heart that nothing might be lost. The world was full of such fragments; but Jesus was the first to see how very precious they were, and how much could be done with them. The womanhood that had been shattered by sin he restored to conscience and honor by the purity of his mighty love, so that the sinner who has been but too well known in the city was

touched to tears by the sight of him, and in a penitential burst of pure and grateful devotion, fervently kissed his feet. Thus, by the magic of Christ's love, was many a fragment of fallen nature gathered up and tenderly put together again. Love and insight went together—love for the fragments, insight into their possibilities. His ministry was a continual gathering and restitution of the broken pieces. "Jehovah doth build up Jerusalem; he gathered together the outcasts of Israel." It is a Christlike thing to care for the fragments.

Every life that is broken—whether by poverty or disease, by folly or ignorance, by sin or sorrow, by crime or misfortune—is another call to arise and do as did the Master, who loved the fragments and gave his life that they might be made whole.

This great word of Jesus is as applicable to the little things of life as to the great. Fragments of time, of strength and of knowledge are squandered and lost just as surely as fragments of character, and all for want of taking to heart the Master's simple word. The motto of our life should be the motto of his. "That not a thing be lost. If any useful thing that belongs to us perish, we are so much the poorer, so much the worse equipped for the work which is given to us to do.

How then shall we save the fragments from perishing? "Gather them together"—for the Greek word means precisely that. The fragments are impotent, so long as they are apart; but bring them together, and see what wonders they will work. One broken piece of bread will do little to satisfy a hungry man, but twenty such pieces would go a long way. So it is with all our scattered and fragmentary resources. Every man is meeting every day with facts and statements of which it would be worth his while to have a permanent and accessible record. But we trust to our memories—these unhappy sieve-like memories and the precious facts filter through and disappear. Or if, in a sudden access of wisdom, we record them, we do so without system; the records are loose, scattered or misplaced, and when they are wanted, they cannot be found, simply because they are not gathered together. Our resources are in many cases extensive enough, but they are too often useless in the hour of necessity, because they are not concentrated. The records are here and there and everywhere, and thus their cumulative effect is lost. They are practically impotent, because they are fragmentary. Would it not then be common prudence in these matters, as in all matters, to listen to the words of Jesus to his disciples, "Gather together the fragments that nothing perish?"—Congregationalist.

Sympathy's Uplifting Power

A world without sympathy would be a cruel abiding place. Those who have suffered and received expression as true sympathy from friends would hardly dare think what their suffering would have been without a spoken word of comfort from a living soul. We are often tempted to feel that any word of sympathy we may speak or write to another at a time of special trial is not worth the doing; that so many such words will be spoken to that one that our own will count for nothing. The prompting to keep silent in another's time of sorrow is a false one. Spoken sympathy is as a mantle of love; it comforts, strengthens, and inspires. Our Lord Jesus Christ longed for sympathy. There is no more affecting passage in the record of His life than that which tells of the failure of His chosen friends to watch and sympathize with him in the hour when his soul was "exceeding sorrowful." There has never been a word too much of sympathy spoken to a sorrowing one. Sympathy's very emulation forms a great force that uplifts and strengthens. It is needed by the weak; it is still more needed by the strong. It is within everyone's power to give it; and God, who is love, will bless it always.—Sunday School Times.

How to be Happy.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken off the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride in the country or a sail on a river steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us, if we could only make up our minds to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that come our neighbor's way.—Success.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.